June, with the mover's scarlet face, Moves o'er the clover field space, And fast his crescent scythe he's thrown O'er spots from whence the lark has flow

July, the farmer, happy fellow, Laught to see the corn grow yellow; The heavy grain he tosses up From his right hand as from a cup. August, the resper, cleaves his way Through golden waves.to break of ay: Or on his wagon, piled with corn, At sanset home is proudly borne. October comes, a woofman old, Fenced with touch leather from the cold, Round swings his startly axe, and lo! A fre-branch fails at every blow.

December, fat and rosy, strides,
His old heart warm, well clothed his sides,
With kind work for both young and old.
The chaerier for the bracing fold:
Laughing a welcome, open flags
His doors, and as he sloes, he sings.
— Chamber's Journal.

Miscellany.

Miscellany.

A NIGHT WITH GLASS-BLOWERS.

The last stroke of midnight still hummed through the else silent house. I was sitting nodding in my chalr, when I heard a tinking rattle. "The cat's in the cupboard," I cried, and ran to it to turn her out. But when I for act the door, I found not the set, but a black wine-boute, with its cork stuck jauntily on one side, talking energetically in Glacialese to a cut-glass decenter.

"You seein turn up your stopper at me," it said to the decanter. "I'm as good as you, and better. You have to come to me for your wine, and, besides, relations shouldn't quarrel—we belong to the same-old finally.

"The same family! What are you talking about, you low fellow? You're only a common bottle," exclaimed the decanter, quivering with indignation. Her daughters, the wine-glasses, crowded around her swelling skirts, also quivering with indignation; and a middle-class green glass medicine-hottle sidled up to the aristocratic decanter, and stuck out its label to make the democratic black bottle keep its distance.

"You contemptible little Loblolly," should the black bottle, and began to should be black bottle, and be

"You contemptible little Loblolly," shouted the black bottle, and began to chase the medicine bottle. Just as the medicine bottle got to the edge of the shelf, it ducked and doubled—over went the black bottle, and was smashed into a hundred fragments on the stone floor of the closet.

its cork sfuck jauntily on one side, talking energetically in Glacialese to a cutglass deceater.

"You needn't turn up your stopper at me," it said to the decanter. "I'm as good as you, and better. You have to come to me for your wine, and, besides, relations shouthn't quarrel—we belong to the same old family."

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"Come, now," that is rather too ridiculous, Lobiolly," laughed the black bottle. A'n't we aimost the klestical same fiesh and blood, as men would say! I'm made of soap-waste and sand, and brick-dust and lime, and my smashed ancestors; and you're made of just the same, except that the smashed glass in you is crown-glass cullet—it didn't belong to your ancestors!"

"Silence, boor," said the decanter, lifting high her scraggy dowager neck." Defile not a noble word wiff thy plebeian lips—what knowest thou of ancestors."

"Well, that's a good 'un, old lady," an-

and blood, as men would say! I'm unade of soap-waste and sand, and brick-dust and lime, and my smasked ancestors; and you're made of just the same, except that the smasked glass in you is crown-glass cullet—it didn't belong to your ancestors!"

"Silence, boor," said the decanter. "Silence, boor," said the decanter, lifting high her scraggy dowager neck. "Defile not a noble word with thy plebe ian lips—what knowest thou of ancestors!"

"Well, that's a good 'un, old lady," an swered the black bottle, twinkling merrily in the gaslight. If you don't know the history of our family, I' the decanter echoed, contemptuously. "Yes, our family, my fine lady," answerost the black bottle.

"Well, let it for argument's sake—an absurdly generous admission—be 'our family, what canst thou know of its archives, poor thick untransparent?"

"Ha—ha! its my belief, old lady, that you don't know the family history—you want me to teach it to you. Now I come to look at you, I'm inclined to think that I belong to an older branch of the family than yan do. "Well, I pity your ignorance. As member of the same family, if you don't put that label of yours down. Pay attention, old lady, and keep those girls of yours from chattering. Loblolly, if you don't put that label of yours down. Pay attention, old lady, and keep those girls of yours from chattering. Loblolly, if you don't put that label of yours down man in the corner, your education may possibly haze not been so utterly neglected as to leave you in ignorance of the same soutterly neglected as to leave you in ignorance of the same soutterly neglected as to leave you in ignorance of the same soutterly neglected as to leave you in ignorance of the canner. At a sweet of the same family, if you don't put that label of yours down and stains the selvage of a beautiful green country, with gently-swelling neglected as to leave you in ignorance of the same of the country with gently-swelling neglected as to leave you in ignorance of the same of the country look like a sweep's scratched and the s

JOHN F. BOSWORTH, Editor and Proprietor.

AMERICAN CITIZE

"Bound by no Party's arbitrary sway, We follow Truth where'er she leads the way."

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VOL. XXII.

scopes, microscopes, water-clocks, prisms, flower holders, knucklebones, ships, coffins, door-handles, photographs, multiplying glasses, pillars, puno-strings—but there, I'm out of breath. Venice used to

CANTON, MISS., SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1872.

NO. 16.

white figures on it. Thetis under a tree, and Peleus looking at her. It was made to hold the ashes of somebody or other. That seems to be a queer use to put good glass to, don't it, old lady? We're a versatile family—all kinds of things we go in for: urns, bottles, decanters, wine-glasses, vases, cups and saucers, looking-glasses, bowls with pictures showing through their skin, window-panes, beads, dice, draughtsmen, wall-panels, sham precious stones, balls, hair-pins, rings, magnifying-glasses, burning-glasses, telescopes, microscopes, water-clocks, prisms,

Glass for windows made in that way, one of my closet-friends (who was more civil than the clay-digger) told me, is called crown glass. But there is a newer kind used now—sheet-glass. It is shaped and blown into big cylinders, which are split off music. Glass shades are the cut-off round tops of these cylinders.

When I had gained so much knowledge about glass-making, the kitchen closet again—I heard the gas in the lobby singing londly, and came out to turn the gas down before it cracked its globe, or the bell glass hung over it.

But when I came out into the room I had left, according to my recovered not it into of the clock, just an hour before, I was mysteriously compelled to look at the mirror over the mantel-piece. I did not jump through it, but I was forced to look.

And what do you think I saw?

More glass-makers—"jots," as you say, of them; each lot whispering, "We won't tell the others how we make it." Then he lots scampered off right and left, and began to dig up stuff, and hide it under the loss scampered off right and left, and began to dig up stuff, and hide it under the lots was mysteriously compelled to look at the lots scampered off right and left, and began to dig up stuff, and hide it under the lots scampered off right and left, and began to dig up stuff, and hide it under the lots was mysteriously compelled to look at the lots scampered off right and left, and began to dig up stuff, and hide it under the lots was mysteriously compelled to look at the lots scampered off right and left, and began to dig up stuff, and hide it under the lots was again and that a constitutional authority shall be reported by the lots of the chief man of one lot.

"Wo are going to make plate-glass," he answered impolitely; but we shan't tell even you exactly what we use, because you might write it down, and go and tell."

Then for a time there was confusion, and then I saw clearly a melting-pot hoised out of a furnace, wheeled up to a table, and there was confusion, and then I saw clearly a melting-pot hoise the fur

lady? Tale is a mineral that is split up and used for window panes in India and China, nowadays, just as mica is used in Russia. They're not so transparent as you are, but then, like me, they're not so brittle. But the Romans are famous hands at glass-making for all that. Were you ever in the British Museum, old lady? I've been emptied there more than once I a'n't one of your pie crust sort; but that's neither here nor there. In the British Museum I made the acquaintance of a distinguished Italian connection of ours—the Portland Vase. It's blue with white sigures on it. Thetis under a tree, and Peleus looking at her. It was made authority, in the shaping of all local organization, open control of large bodies of deputidities, interference to sustain worthless officials, and rathless violation of the rights of persons. There the failure to build a new civil and social order, replete with illustrations of concord and progrees, has been most signal and unfortunate. There the race which was liberated has been kept solidly arrayed against the rest of the community, inder corrupt appliances, with constant ferments, to control such States in the interest of the Administration. There the substance of entire sections has been plundered, debts mortgaging generations of labor contracted, taxes beyied to the point of confiscation—all done under agencies upheld by the National Government. There, whenever the system itself has created new disorders, as in the nature of things it could not fail to do, still harsher legislation has been demanded, and the enforcements of martial law have been resorted to with needless severity. But the texture of this rule and failure thus imposed must be held to show forth the animating impulse that accredits its work. The political ideas which are accepted at the North are the self same which have thus had unrestrained vent in dealing with the South, and this might well-crowd into its coesciousness. Earl mighty language of the earth spirit in Gothe i

The stands of the first control of the stands of the stand

ing later years is not altogether inviting to

Would be selected to defer the protection of the selected to defer the properties as in the selected to the selected to defer the properties as in the selected to the selected to defer the properties as in the selected to the s

lower floor, on ten seats, and one seat the 2 in the upper tiers, with places for the conductor and brake. The car weighs conductor and brake. The car weighs ("Well, Em.! I did not think you would treat poor Tom so," said Florence. "And now, Florence's," they all cry, a full grown trunk."

Youths' Department.

beginning to nibble at her pencil.

The ladies looked over at the thoughtful group occasionally, and wondered
what kept them so still.

what kept them so still.
At last Betty, with a sigh, exclaimed:
"This is the best I could parody:
" My cat is dead, said Florence to-day;
My cat is dead, I cannot play;
Go put his corpee far, far away;
My cat is dead, I cannot play."

Betty's poetry? Alas, too true!" said Florence, laughing. "Well," said Richard, "here it is: De-

"Weil," said Richard, "here it is: Departed this life, May 18th, Thomas Pinch, at the hands of some bad boys. He was a good cat, and well-beloved."

This epitaph seemed to be quite as funny as the other, and they all laughed again.

"What is the matter, children?" asked their mother.

"What is the matter, children?" asked their mother.

"They are laughing at me, mother!" said Dick. "We will tell you all about it, soon. Now, Em, let's hear yours."

Emma said:

"The Danbury Nows says: "Many of our readers will be glad to learn that Page 2019.

Emma Said:

Our precious, petted, honored cat.

We did not think to grieve for thee;
Thou never more will catch a rat.

For where thou it gone no rats will be,
And thou art now a stark dead cat.

What rat do you think afraid would be,

and Florence was just about to begin, an I had her lips open for that very purpose, when, instead, she gave one of the most unearthly screams that ever rang in that old house.

All present started to their feet, and

"what's the matter? what's the matter?" was the cry, but Florence only pointed to the door, where stalking in, large as life, was Tom Pinch.

was Tom Pinch.

The children seeing him joined in the outcry. Every one felt the contagion of fear. Miss Prue screamed, and rushing to Florence fairly shook her, and demanded the meaning of the confusion, while thoughts of witchcraft rushed through her mind.

through her mind.
"The cat! the cat!" cried the children.
"Well, what of the cat?" screamed

Miss Prue,

"There must be some mistake," said Dick, the first to collect himself. We buried that cat this evening a foot deep, and have just written four epitaphs upon him, and there he is. I'm glad I said nothing bad about his ghostship."

"Why, what on earth is the matter wid ye all?" broke in old Aunt Nancy. "I thought the last one of you was a-dyin."

"These children have gone crazy, Aunt Nancy. Will you bring the lantern, and we will see what it means," replied Miss Prue.

is resting place under the althea bush, where they scooped out a grave and buried him with some genuine tears and a great show of grief—the tears, because they could not help crying, and the mockery, because they were ashamed of crying.

When they had shaped the grave—for they all wanted to be sextons—they stuck up some sticks to mark the head and foot, and slowly returned to the house, at a loss what to do next.

"I'm geing to make a tombstone!" said Richard, taking out his jack-kmife.
"How can you whittle stone with a kmife, Dick?" asked Emma.

"I've seen plenty of tombstones made out of wood; haven't you, Florence?" retorted Dick.
"Of course," said Florence. "But we must have something on it, then. Let's in those days were almired; they compositions. They were filed in portfolios and read to circles of friends; they were admired, criticised, and talked over. Madame de Sevigne was only a letter-writer, and the greatest of letter-writers. The matters now discussed in piquant newspaper paragraphs were subjects for Madame de Sevigne's letters. And the whole history of the Hotel de Rambouillet, and of the society of the days just preceding and during the Fronde, has been reconstructed by M. Victor Cousin and M. Ste. Beuve from a package of old letters accidentally discovered. But now we do not write such letters. It is: "My dear Tom: Excuse me for not writing before. Anna has the must have something on it, then. Let's "Yes seen plenty of tombstones made out of wood; haven't you, Florence?" retorted Dick.

"Of course," said Florence. "But we must have something on it, then. Let's all write an epitaph on Poor Tom Pinch!" "Well, oh. well!" they all agreed.

"And then we will get mamma to decide which is best," added Florence.

"Oh, I thought you meant all write one together," exclaimed Emma.

"No, no; we should never do anything at that," said Florence. "Now let's sit down and think by ourselves, and out of our four heads we ought to get something worthy of Tom."

"I don't think I can write what I think, and I can't think of anything but 'My bird is dead, said Nancy Ray,'" said little Betty.

"That's just the thing, Betty; write a parody," said Florence.

"A parody! What is a parody? It bird is dead, said Nancy Ray," said little
Betty.

"That's just the thing, Betty; write a
parody," said Florence.
"A parody! What is a parody? It
sounds as if it would be harder than an
epitaph," said Betty.
"Why, no; just say 'cat' instead of
"bird,' that's all," said Florence.
"My cat is dead, said Nancy Ray!"
said little Betty, and they all laughed.
"You must change it all the way
through to suit, Betty The cat was not
Nancy Ray's. Do you see?"
"Yes, I believe ss," said Betty.
"Now, let's all think?" said Florence,
ace
beginning to nibble at her pencil.
The ladies looked over at the thoughtand wondered
"The ladies looked over at the thoughtthe ladies looked over at the thought"The ladies looked over at the t there—we have known such a lady to write "mamma" in all her letters. Indeed, any other term written was disrespectful. We have now in our possession a letter of forty years ago, in which the writer, ad-dressing his own brother near his own

My cat is dead, I cannot play;
Go pat his corpec far, far away;
My cat is dead, I cannot play.

This was greeted with such shouts of laughter that the grown folks looked up in wonder.

"Now, Diek, you," said Florence.

"I could not think of any poetry," said Richard; "Besides, you all had the rhyming dictionary all the time, and prose is more dignified, and more apt to be true."

"Why, Diek, what could be truer than Betty's poetry." Alas, too true," said they were not under the least restraint in they were not under the least restraint in conversation. Perhaps there is one rule better than all the guides ever written on the subject of epistolary correspondence. Write as nearly like your conversation as you can. Think of your friend as before you, eschew all affectations, and talk to him. A very easy rule to give, but a very hard one to follow. This simplicity and straightforwardness is often the last result of long practice. But the best letters are

> The Danbury News says: "Many of our readers will be glad to learn that Baggage Master Simpson is recovering from his late injuries. He was so much better this morning as to be able to put his foot through several bandboxes, and the doctor thinks that in a few days be can try a few light valises, and perhaps one or two dressing cases that have been started a little with an axe. But it will be some time before he can hope to face